
Title: Greed

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Into what depths of
hell I have plunged, I
am bewildered. Dead:
yes, but I hunger for
flesh to consume
through every organ,
as I was, by my now
eternal companions.
I remember being
mortal. In fact, I
remember every aspect
of being alive; and I
lust for it. I lust
for the feeling of
freedom and self. I
lust for the simple
things; sunshine and
flowers. But I sit in
the somber shadows,
waiting for greed to
embrace a human into
our illusive home.
For now I see that
the house I once
thought was full of
riches for my taking,
is just barren land,
but through our
momentary power can
be transformed into
whatever avid desire
of our prey.

I was a thief, and
yes, on occasion a
murderer. But only
if my victim stood
between me and gold.
I was thirty years
old when I happened
onto this house.
Funny, I never
thought about the fact
I had never noticed it
before. It was such
an easy target -
window wide open and
no one home. But

even if it would have
been sealed tight, I
would have entered. I
was a professional.
No locks, no traps,
no guards, ever
stopped me.

I had only begun my
raid when I heard a
sound, a movement, a
presence. But I
stopped only for a
second for it had
disappeared. I lifted
the mask off my
sweaty face and wiped
my brow. I could not
believe my luck. Never
before had I seen such
valuables left
unlocked. Stacks of
gold covered the
kitchen table, gold and
silver jewelry had
been placed on the
couch and chairs in
the front room.

Quickly I scanned the
other rooms and found
statues, rare magic
weapons, golden
goblets, everything!. I
was in heaven. But
then, that noise again.
I was certain I heard
it that time. Pulling
my dagger from its
tucked position in my
pants, I walked
cautiously around the
kitchen. I had found
my sunken ship and
no one was going to
keep me from my
treasure. Footsteps
behind me, I turned
around. No one was
there. My heart
began a spastic
rhythm.

"Who's there?" I
whispered. Silence
was the only reply.
Slowly I made my
way to the front
room. The jewelry I

had seen before, gone.
Someone by the door,
no...something. I
blinked my eyes,
trying to make the
shallow figure visible.

Closer I walked,
until a luminous light
blinded me. I watched
in amazement and fear
as the radiance
multiplied, spitting out
dozens of fire-spheres.

I dropped to my
knees, petrified as the
brightness faded from
each one and became
human form. I held
my dagger with both
hands out in front of
me, for it felt a
hundred pounds.

Then, without
warning, I stabbed.
They didn't flinch.
But spoke to me, not
by mouth, but inside
me head. "You are
one of us now."

"No," I shouted, still
trying to stab at
them with the dagger.
But they came at me.
I tried to run, but I
was still kneeling, my
legs wouldn't move!

"You belong to us,"
their voices again
inside my head.

"What do you want?"
I cried, quiet
surprised at how
shaken I had become.
"It is your greed that
led you here. It is
your greed that we
need."

"What are you
talking about? I'm
not..." But I knew,
maybe not before that

moment, but I knew
they were right. My
inordinate desires had
almost entirely taken
over my soul.

"That's where you're
wrong," they said in a
victorious voice.

"Completely, and that's
why you're here.

Your insatiable thirst
only to be satisfied by
comparable yearnings.
And yours is equal to
ours."

"I'll change. I'll
never steal anything
again," I pleaded. But
they came closer. I
could feel their heat,
their hunger. "I'll
give everything back
that I've ever stolen.
I don't need it. I
don't want it."

"But you do...and you
always will."

They encircled me and
slowly closed in.
Their bodies
dissolving into my
flesh like boiling
liquid. My screams
met no mercy as the
horrifying pain rippled
through my limbs.
Darkness.

So now, I watch in
relentless hunger, as a
greed filled man, like
I once was, enters
through the open
window.